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VILA RECÔNCAVO

[The Private Plantation]

Then everyone dons his best and the women dance while the men play the drums, tambourines, and cavaquinhos (a ukelelelike instrument) or simply stand around watching, gossiping and "passing the branquinha" (the local white rum).

There is a hierarchy of personnel on the plantation, which starts with the owner, Dona Sinhá, and her family. On other plantations the owner is also sometimes a lawyer, doctor, or engineer whose main interests, both economic and social, are in the city of Salvador. This is not always the case, however, for many owners are only rural proprietors, as is Dona Sinhá. But it is always considered a sacrifice to be obliged to spend the winter on one's plantation. It has been a traditional prerogative of the plantation master to spend the winter in the city, and it is one of the traditions kept up today by the planters. However, as soon as the rains show signs of abating in August or September, Dona Sinhá appears on the scene, generally grateful for her release from the city and from the round of anniversaries, parties, and official functions she feels called upon to attend while there.

This aspect of partial absenteeism has given rise to the next rung in the hierarchical ladder: the overseer. As such he is a relatively new phenomenon, but he has actually been part of the scene for a long time. At the time of the engenho, the feitor-mor, or head foreman, frequently occupied the place of today's overseer. Seu Paulo is the focal point for most activities on Fazenda das Moças. It is he who puts into action Dona Sinhá's plans, for he has the greatest contact with the workers in the fields and at home, on the arruado (the street on which the houses are located). During the time Dona Sinhá is away he is ruler of the plantation (dono da terra).

Seu Paulo rose from the workers' ranks; he is familiar with all aspects of sugar-cane cultivation, and is able to handle men and to deal with the owner as well as with the workers. He is a dark mulatto, about forty-six years old, with a large family. He is sought after by the workers as godfather to their children. He rents a small piece of land on which he raises his own sugar cane. He has his own burros, oxen, and carts, which he rents to Dona Sinhá during the harvest season. Although unable to read or write, he can do figures in his head in an astounding fashion. He dresses well, in what is sometimes thought to be an attempt to imitate the plantation master of bygone days, while Dona Sinhá and her family have adopted a more comfortable garb for the country--"modo ameri-

cano." He spends most of his day in the saddle, riding from one point of operation to another, going to the sugar mill to straighten out this or that matter, such as the nonappearance of railroad cars at the plantation loading point, caring for the troubles of the workers, and looking to his own interests.

Below these two figures of authority is a salaried man who stands only slightly apart from the bulk of the workers, the foreman (feitor), Asclepiades. It is his duty to keep track of how much work is done each day and by whom. He walks about the plantation, from field to field, measuring with the six-foot stick he carries and marking down in his notebook the amount of work done by each man. The plantation laborers are paid according to how much each of them weeded, or planted, or to how many tons of cane each cut or conducted to the factory. Asclepiades writes it down in his little black book, and it appears on the daily work sheet which in turn is transferred to the fortnightly payroll. During harvest time the records of who was the driver and who the guide, of how much sugar cane was cut and by whom, are kept at each end of the plantation where the carts must pass to be weighed before the cane is transferred to the factory. It is Seu Paulo's duty every morning to assign tasks to the workmen, while Asclepiades keeps track of how much is done but does not see that it gets done, for this is the duty of the overseer. The foreman is paid a monthly salary of one thousand cruzeiros, and although he does not occupy the position of prestige which the overseer has there is always the chance that he may become an overseer either on that plantation or on another.

There is one other salaried person on the plantation--the cowboy (vaqueiro) João who receives four hundred cruzeiros a month, plus room and board. João takes care of the cattle, milk cows, and saddle horses. He must also inspect the fences constantly and report any breaks, and whenever possible retrieve animals which have broken out of the pasture and wandered into the cane fields, where they cause great damage. As a rule the pastures are fenced, as are new cane plantations, but the established cane fields are left unguarded. Fences do not last more than one season, for the posts rot because of the wet soil, and the barbed wire rusts quickly. João is also the constant companion of the plantation owner when she is present, accompanying her or her children or guests on pleasure rides, meeting the train or boat with horses for guests or business acquaintances, and getting the mail from the post office in

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seer is entitled to the same rights and privileges as any other worker: a house, land on which to grow subsistence crops, and the use of the owner's pastures for his oxen, burros, and horses. The horses used in his work are supplied by the corporation, as are those of the other overseers. His salary is high: Cr$2.000,00 a month, plus a bonus of one cruzeiro for each ton of cane produced on all six plantations. The regional overseers receive Cr$800,00 a month, plus a bonus of half a cruzeiro per ton of cane produced on their plantation. Seu Pipiu has been general overseer of Usina São Pedro for twenty-five years, during which time he has accumulated a good deal of property. He is a mulatto, somewhat lighter skinned than the six administrators who are under him. Two of his sons work in the factory office, and a third runs the store on one of the plantations. In addition he is a small farmer, renting some forty acres from the factory, on which he plants sugar cane. He pays 25 per cent of the harvest to the factory for the use of the land.

The usineiros have the same complaints against their general overseers that private plantation owners have against theirs. At the same time, after many years of service such an official becomes indispensable, or is thought to be, and is allowed to go his way--quiet, well dressed, well mounted, ruler of all he surveys--while the usineiro watches and mutters to himself.

So far the rural properties of the factories have led the private plantations in the field of mechanization, as they have greater funds for purchasing equipment and can get more use out of each piece. Mechanization, however, is used as yet only in preparing the soil for planting. The ground is plowed and replowed, and grooves are made to receive the cane shoots. Also, planting in unplowed land is still common--grooves are opened for the seed with the simple plow, and no soil preparation is done at all. Here mechanization ends, and all further cultivation, as well as the cutting and harvesting of the cane, is done by hand. Narrow-gauge railway tracks reach out from the mill to loading points on the six plantations, where the cane is transferred from the oxcarts to the railroad wagons to be drawn to the mill. Approximately two thousand acres are under cultivation; the remaining land is used as pasture or as garden plots by the workers, in accordance with a rotation system.

Financially the two units--factory and plantation--are run

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trative work; he comes into office with a mayor and frequently remains through the terms of several other mayors. He therefore knows the duties well and can aid the mayor considerably. In addition, the secretary has a small store in town, capitalized at Cr$10.000,00, where drinks (rum and soft drinks), dried meat (charque), cigars, cigarettes, grass mats, condensed milk, wooden sandals, and a few other small items are sold. [443] [471]

The top municipal office is that of the mayor, which in Brazil is a county-wide office. The mayor is not on the above list as an employee, because he occupies another place in the census from which these data were taken. In Vila Recôncavo the mayor has come traditionally from the top social level, the rural landowning group. The office is elective, with a four-year term, except in the 1930's and 1940's, when the mayor was chosen by the appointed governor of the state (interventor). In Vila Recôncavo, as a general rule, the mayor has little or no interest in the town or, except in a few cases, in the office, which is considered a more-or-less onerous duty. He traditionally does not accept his salary. At the time of the last election there was consternation on the part of the planters, for no one wanted the office but clearly someone had to take it. When the choice was made, the candidate--one of the usina directors--was elected, for he had no opponent. The majority of the duties are left in the hands of the secretary, the mayor doing only a minimum of supervision and contributing little that is constructive. Generally any important matters are discussed at the home of the mayor, and his orders are conveyed to the secretary by messenger or telephone.

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The last mayor, Dr. Aliança, was an exception to the rule. He was interventor in 1947 and was elected mayor in 1948, serving until the general elections in the fall of 1950. He is a civil engineer and the owner of two large plantations, maintaining in perfect condition the old master's house of the former plantation in which he lives, as well as a large house in Salvador. While the roots of his family are in the Recôncavo, he himself came from the north and married into a plantation family of Vila Recôncavo. Although his family tradition has been that of sugar cane, he has not hesitated to break many of the traditional patterns of the area. One of his two plantations has been given over to experiments with other crops, such as bananas, rice, and manioc, on a relatively large scale, and also some production of milk and butter. A few

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[Town Life]

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632 years ago, after determining that these crops were not sufficiently rewarding, he made a large-scale planting of white
463 cacao. It is still too early to speak of the outcome of this ven-
[242] ture, for the trees have not yet started to give their first fruit, but this instance illustrates his usual energetic spirit.

Dr. Aliança took the office of mayor seriously and gave a
159 great deal of energy to it. His accomplishments were many
632 in the space of a few years: the paving of most of the town's
463 streets, the installation of electric lights on the streets, the formation of a company to sell electricity to those who wanted
653 it, the installation of telephone communications with the capital, and the construction of a new, modern primary school building. As a result of his personal energy and direction these works were completed, or at least nearly so, when he left the office. (According to law, the mayor cannot be re-elected). However, with the exception of building a bridge, nothing was done in the rural areas of the county. Traditionally any public works in the county are done in the county seat.

441 Many of the merchants in Group 1 are small operators.
463 The capitalization of the stores in Vila Recôncavo runs from
443 Cr$100.000,00 to as low as Cr$5.00,00. However, no matter how small the store, it provides a living for someone, or as
[471] they say in Vila Recôncavo, "Sempre da!" To the ordinary town citizen it is difficult to get enough capital together to open a store, but once opened it rarely closes for lack of business. Of the twelve stores in town, eight are owned and operated by men, and the other four belong to women. The best store in
441 town and the poorest one both belong to women. The "best"
444 store, Dona Carmen's, is the oldest, located on the main street leading from the boat dock. At present it is owned by
[428] Dona Carmen, who inherited it from her brother. It combines a general store and a bakery, and its prices are often slightly higher than those in other stores. It serves most of the people living in the older section of town. In addition to having the largest stock of ordinary foods, the store also carries finer packaged products such as wines, jellies, and preserves.

444 Bread is baked in the afternoon and delivered to the doors
256 of the customers' houses, still warm and with the delicious odor always associated with bread fresh from the oven. The bakery's customers for the most part have standing orders, receiving bread or rolls each day in time for supper. What is left over is hawked through the streets by the delivery boy,

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157 ers have some positive qualities. People arrange their preferences in many ways, according to the physical qualities they wish to emphasize.

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557 There is also a series of expressions used by everyone to describe the person who is trying to appear white. It is almost axiomatic that whoever tries to be what he is not is considered ridiculous by all. Both whites and Negroes gossip about the social climber and use the terms "tem pinta" (has a "touch of the tarbrush"), or "tem sangue" (has Negro blood), or "é da raça" (is of the Negro race), or simply "besta" (show-off), "cheio de arte" (artful), "cheio de manha" (full of little tricks), or "fala bonito" (talks pretty).

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578 There are also many phrases used by lower-class people to ridicule Negroes and mestiços who are showing off, or "pushing." Most of these start off with Negro:

Negro doesn't marry, he gets together.
Negro doesn't accompany a procession, he runs after it.
Negro doesn't sit down, he squats.
Negro in white clothes is a sign of rain.
Negro doesn't hear Mass, he spies on it.
Negro at a white man's party is the first to grab and the last to eat.
Negro's intelligence is the same size as his hair.

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125 The concepts and fixed ideas which the people of Vila Recôncavo have of these racial types were also revealed in their responses to a pictorial questionnaire devised in the field. A series of eight photographs were shown. These were of people unknown to those answering the questionnaire. They consisted of a male and a female representative of each of the four major racial types, the caboclo, the preto, the mulato, and the branco. An attempt was made to keep the photographs from giving any clue to the possible class position of the eight persons. However, the photographs we were able to secure were not entirely satisfactory for our purposes in Vila Recôncavo.
[159] The picture of the caboclo male was that of a middle-aged man, but of a type considered locally as having a strong personality, while the caboclo woman was older and certainly not simpatica (pleasant) in the local view. The two pretos were both unmistakably pretos, and both young. The mulato male and female differed one from the other, for the man was definitely a common mulato type, while the woman was almost

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nieces, and nephews
46 agregados and hospedes

Examples of the household units are given below.

TABLE 10
COMPOSITION OF CLASS D HOUSEHOLDS

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Status of Head of Family	Age	Occupation	Number of Head of Family's Children Living in House	Number of Others in House
unmarried	62	none	2	4 grandchildren
widow	70	cook	1	1 grandchild; 1 hospede
unmarried	59	laundress	1	4 grandchildren
unmarried	24	laundress	4	none
widow	49	seamstress	4	7 grandchildren, 1 agregado
unmarried	42	cook	3	1 sister, 1 niece, 1 hospede
unmarried	39	laundress	3	1 hospede
unmarried	66	ironing	0	6 nieces & nephews
widow	42	ironing	6	none
unmarried	56	laundress	0	1 grandchild
unmarried	36	laundress	6	1 nephew
unmarried	48	laundress	3	1 brother
married	36	ironing	6	1 mother, 1 nephew
unmarried	38	laundress	3	1 aunt, 1 cousin
unmarried	84	none	0	1 agregado
unmarried	21	ironing	1	none
unmarried	54	laundress	0	1 hospede, 2 agregados
married	52	laundress	1	3 grandchildren

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The household of Damiana is a good example for Class D. Damiana, who is now in her fifties, had a prolonged affair with a married man when she was young, and gave birth to three daughters. Orphaned herself at about the same time, she took her children and went to reside in the house of a good friend who was living in an unmarried relationship with a man. When Maria José, one of her daughters, was sixteen she was deflowered, and Damiana managed through a godfather's influence to force the boy who was responsible to marry the girl. Maria José, however, did not want to live with him, and since

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[Class D Families]

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no child was born of the affair she went to Salvador where she found employment. There she met Vavá, whom she liked very much. She went to live with him for eleven years and had three children.

During this time, Vavá had affairs with several other women and had two other children. Finally he tired of Maria José and told her to go home to her mother, which she did, taking her three children with her. Damiana's godfather allowed her, Maria José and her children, and Tatá, another of Damiana's daughters who by then had six illegitimate children, to live rent-free in a house he owned. Childless, he took one daughter from each of the two girls to bring up in his own home.

Shortly after the three women had set up this household, Vavá tired of his new companion and wanted Maria José to come back to him, which she refused to do. From time to time he also asked her for money, as he was now unemployed. She always gave him some, since she was employed, explaining that it was not for him but for his two other children, for she could not think of their going hungry.

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In almost every case of break-up of the unmarried state, the children remain with the mother. This is also true in the case of an affair which results in a child. The father never takes on the responsibility of the children. In addition to this, as stated earlier, the children bear the mother's name and not that of the father. Often a break-up occurs because the man goes to live with another woman who does not want the children of his previous union, as she may have some of her own either by him or by someone else. On the other hand, women in Vila Recôncavo say that they would be ashamed to let the children go and be brought up by another woman, except in the case of a godparent, in whose home the treatment is expected to be at least as good as that which the mother could have given the child.

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Sometimes women in this class have affairs with men who are already married and who do not leave their wives and children. A woman seldom has more than one lover at one time, and usually stays with the same man for a long period. Although the man takes no responsibility for the resulting children, he may, nevertheless, try to help the woman sometimes; but his first allegiance is to his own wife and children.

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Unless there has been a formal marriage, the children are always considered as belonging to the mother, and the most

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BRAZIL SLI

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rapi, and São Francisco, a *Sociedade Libertadora* freed 122 slaves in one day. Scores of these societies operated throughout Brazil.[71]

Dr. João Garcez dos Santos was the first Bahian *fazendeiro* (planter) to exchange slave labor for free. After spending some years in Europe studying agriculture, he returned to Brazil and, in 1864, bought an *engenho* called Pimental, in the *termo* of São Francisco. He freed all the slaves except eight domestic servants and paid these freedmen wages, retaining a portion of their earnings until he had been recompensed for their original cost. During the subsequent year he produced with free labor two hundred boxes of sugar. Three years later, he "freed the womb" of his eight female domestic servants, and, on his death in 1874, he set at liberty all the slaves which he had inherited from his father (a total of about sixty persons) on condition that they continue working for wages on the *engenho* for five years.[72]

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In 1868 the Senhoras Condessa de Barral and Pedra

liberated by will, and the Cantagallo plantation given them for a home; Barão de Dias, 163 slaves liberated, who remain established on his plantation as laborers." In 1887 Anselmo da Fonseca wrote: "As to the *cartas de alforria* granted by slaveholders themselves, it is well known that these have always appeared in greater or lesser number in the country, and that from 1880 on they have multiplied greatly and have now become quite numerous, thanks to the powerful influence of that propaganda which has contributed so much to the elevation of the moral sentiments of the Brazilian people."

[71] On September 7, 1869, an emancipation society was organized in Bahia "with the noble purpose of ending slavery in Bahia," and by March 1, 1874, it had conferred 267 "Letters of Liberty," 89 of which were "granted gratuitously in its name," and 178 by means of its own funds, the amount thus employed totaling 58,289 milreis (Alvares do Amaral, *op. cit.*, p. 181). This organization was named A Sociedade Libertadora Sete de Setembro ("The Seventh of September Liberation Society") in honor of the day on which the independence of Brazil was declared.

[72] Fonseca, *op. cit.*, pp. 220–22.

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officials of the middle tier, and the predominantly black slaves of the lower stratum.[18]

The duration of this particular organization was, however, brief. As the color line bent further under pressure of the rising mulatto, certain of the more able or more successful mixed-bloods broke through into the upper tiers.

The development of the cities increased the possibilities for economic advancement to individuals who, like the mulattoes, were noted for their skill as artisans and—what was more important—for their intellectual ability.[19] The rise, after independence in 1822, of the *academias superiores* offered to the more able mixed-bloods possibilities not previously attainable. Since by reason of their mental alertness the mulattoes often excelled, it is said, in those pursuits wherein intellectual ability is an essential for success, the development of these centers of advanced study opened, at least to the ambitious and favored ones among them, ready access to the rising professional classes, especially as *doutores* or *bachareis*.[20] Many promising young mulattoes were aided to a professional training by indulgent white fathers or other relatives and friends among the dominant class.

Of a prominent Brazilian intellectual, Raul Calogeras, whose father was a Bahian planter and whose mother was a Negro slave, we are told:

> Raul was very intelligent, and showed remarkable ability in his studies. It is said that when a very young boy at Santo Amaro, he used to slip away late at night, after his mother's master had gone to bed, to study by the street lamp on the corner near the house. When his father discovered this, he was much impressed, and other signs

[18] Vianna, *op. cit.*, pp. 72–73.

[19] *Ibid.*, p. 151; Freyre, *Sobrados e mucambos*, pp. 160–61, 190.

[20] Physicians, lawyers and engineers.

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of Raul's intelligence and his ability to apply himself multiplied the interest which his father took in him, and he supplied all his needs. When his father left the Reconcavo to come to Bahia, he brought Raul with him, and here, under his tutelage, Raul went to primary school where he had as white playmates his father's nephews and others. And later, when his father went to Rio, he took Raul with him. The boy never left his father's company as long as his father lived."

Raul was a very dark mixed-blood with kinky hair. He came to be a prominent citizen and was noted not only for his fine figure, distinguished bearing, poise, and personal charm but also for his intelligence and professional competence. At one time he was a much-loved confidant of a recent president of Brazil.

Significant also, so far as the rise of the mulatto is concerned, is the fact that early in the nineteenth century the return of young professional men who had been trained in Europe—in Coimbra, Montpelier, Paris, and other centers—enhanced the prestige of the rising professional classes. These young lawyers and physicians, among whom were a number of quite capable mulattoes, were returning to Brazil after an education abroad, ordinarily more traveled, better informed, and more urbane than their brothers or half-brothers on the plantations, in the army, or among the clergy. They were especially attractive, we are told, to the upper-class ladies of the time. The importation of fashionable articles from the Continent—Parisian haberdashery, perfumes, hair-dressings, and English shoes—with the use of all of which these returning young men were quite familiar, enhanced their standing among the élite. The increasing

" From a letter to the author from a man reared in the same community as the individual in question and long acquainted with him. For information on the later life of this mixed-blood see Appen. A.

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virtually extinct.[3] Only an occasional individual of African birth may be found, like, for instance, a certain elderly black once prominent in the fetish cults not only of Bahia but also of Rio de Janeiro who was born in Lagos, his father having purchased his mother out of slavery in Brazil shortly before his birth and taken her to Africa. He knows four *Africanos* still living in Rio. In 1936 he met in Brotas (a subdivision of Bahia) an elderly African woman with facial scarification and almost no command of Portuguese. She has since died.

Thus, actual contact with Africa is today little more than a memory in the minds of a few of the older blacks, who recall stories told by their parents or by other Africans of persons, places, and events in Africa; or who years ago visited in the home of African ancestors or were, perhaps, personally acquainted with blacks plying their small vessels between Bahia and the West Coast. However, certain individuals of the older generation still cherish sentimental attachment to Africa, as is indicated by the expression occasionally heard on the lips of an elderly Negro, as he reverently turns his eyes upward toward the sky, "Sou filho de dois Africanos, graças a Deus!"[4] "If I had the money," remarked another black, his eyes lighting up, "I'd go to Africa, to Abeokuta, build me a house, and live like a man ought to."

An elderly Bahian Negro recalled:

My mother was just a young girl when she was captured by a warrior in Africa. He wanted to sell her to a slave trader in Dahomey.

[3] Since lower-class Negroes who have difficulty in speaking correct Portuguese occasionally attempt to cover up their chagrin by saying that they are *Africanos*, and others, participating in social circles where prestige attaches to the native-born African, may deliberately misstate their origin, the incautious observer may be led erroneously to think that there are a considerable number of Africans still living in Bahia.

[4] "My father and mother were both Africans, thank God!"

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On that day two younger children were with her, a baby she was carrying on her back and a child she was leading by the hand.

She told me of a terrible thing which she saw on that day. Two warriors were running to catch a young girl. Each grabbed one of her arms, and they began to quarrel, pulling at her and shouting, "She's mine! She's mine!" But neither could jerk her away from the other. Finally one swung his big knife, and slash! He cut the girl in half and told the other man that now he could have his share.

My mother's name was Manjengbasa, which means, "Don't leave me alone." She was born after her mother had lost both of her first two children. She carried a scar on her cheek which meant that she was a Yoruba; for all Yorubas, both men and women, have this mark. She married my father here in Brazil, and when I was born they called me Ôgeládê.

When I was thirteen years and eleven months old, my father took me to *Af-ri-ca;* to Lagos, *West-Coast-of-Af-ri-ca*, Nigeria. Ige-sha is two days away. Oyó used to be the capital. And there is Akra on the coast; there is Ashanti, and Groweh, and Ifé, and Egba. My father was from Egba, and his father was from Abeokuta. And there is Efun and Dahomey.

My father was only on a visit. He soon came back to Bahia to take care of his business. He was at that time importing African things. But I stayed in Lagos eleven years and nine months. From 1875 until 1886 I was there. Later I went again to Africa and remained another year. And three years after that I again returned, to sell coral and fine and coarse wool. I bought *pano da costa* to sell here.

My grandfather was a great warrior. He had a large plot of ground, but he was more of a warrior than a farmer. One day while fighting he got an arrow in his arm. He jerked it out and the blood covered him. When, years later, my grandfather died, I was a child of six years.

My uncle also was a great warrior. He was younger than my father. When they brought my father to Brazil, my uncle was left there in Africa.

My grandfather had forty wives. He lived in an *atalaia,*[1] a house

[1] Composed of many dwellings placed side by side and having a common roof.

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as long as from here to the entrance of the fort,[6] just for the family of my grandfather. He was buried in a room. A *quartinha* of water which is always kept full still stands there today.

When my father was born, my grandmother was already an old woman. But she was still very strong. When my grandfather died, she walked all by herself up to the place where they buried him. When I went to Africa, she was in Ibadum. She never saw my father again. When he took me to Africa, she did not get to see him because the Africans were fighting fiercely. No one could travel as far as from here to Rio Vermelho.[7] So my father did not get to see his mother. But when she found out that he had been in Lagos and had left a son there, she never left off speaking of me. She wished to have me stolen, but the men who came to carry me to my grandmother never found me alone. They brought me presents. My grandmother had made me an African food which lasts two or three months and does not spoil. It is made with *fubá* of maize, crushed. All is seasoned with fragrant and savory seasonings, with onions and shrimps, and put in a large pan. It is like a cake they call here *bom bocado*. In the African language it is called *adúm*. Rolled up in leaves they gave it to me. My tutor ate part of it too.[8] For fifteen days we ate *adúm*. When I came back to Bahia and told my father I had eaten *adúm*, he lost almost the whole day crying, because he had not seen his mother for almost fifty years, let alone eaten her cooking. He looked up at me, and said 'You, my son; *you* ate *adúm*!' "

Some contact with Africa is still maintained through family connections, although these are now rare; by means of African visitors, principally individuals from the crews of English ships recruited in Lagos; and by way of occasional newspapers published on the East or West Coast in Portuguese, English, or even African languages.

Thus, one will occasionally find in the possession of Bahian Negroes a copy of the *Nigerian Daily Times*, published

[6] About one hundred yards.

[7] About three miles.

[8] The boy had been placed in a mission school.

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jacús, found one, and shot at it. The *jacú* flew at him with its claws extended and severely scratched him. He shot at it again. It flew back and clawed at his eyes. Then he heard a voice, saying "You know you must not hunt on Fridays." It was the *caipora*. The man staggered home, and fell senseless in the door of his house. I knew this man well.

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The *biatátá* is said to be a woman who inhabits the sea, appearing above water only at night, gradually increasing in size until she assumes an enormous shape, and "casting a huge and frightening shadow."

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Fear of the toad, probably also a survival of Indian belief, is common.[39] If a toad happens to hop into the door of a house, the occupant will immediately grab a broom and sweep it out, repeating over and over, "Creio em Deus Padre."[40] If a malicious person paints a toad on the wall of a dwelling, its occupants will at once desert the place.

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The following account reveals in an intimate way the mental world of a considerable portion of the Bahian lower class. It was related by a young Negro woman in the form of a series of personal experiences and is presented here in as nearly as possible the exact phrasing in which it was originally given.

I was three years old. I was sitting with my mother when something hit me, and I fell over unconscious. She picked me up and took me to a doctor. He gave me medicine and said that it was congestion. Some thought it was the *ar do vento*.

I knew nothing of what was going on; it was as if I were dead. To

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[39] "Montoya says ('Manuscripto guarani da Bibliotheca Nacional do Rio de Janeiro sobre a primitiva catechese dos Indios das Missões,' *Annaes da Bibliotheca National*, Vol. VI) that among Indians observed by him, the entrance of a toad into a gathering of people was a sign of the approaching death of one of those present" (Gilberto Freyre, *Casa grande e senzala* [2d ed.; Rio, 1936], p. 99).

[40] "I believe in God, the Father."

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help me get better, they took me up off the ground.[40] Then my mother called in Mamêdê [the local *pae de santo*], to see what was the matter with me. He came, *abriu a mesa*[41] and said that this had been with me from my birth. My mother then asked him if he could cure it. He said he could. He made her buy plates, *moringues*,[42] beads, cups, coconuts, etc. Then he prepared all that.[43] They washed my head with water from the sacred leaves. My mother asked if he could take that thing away so that it would not come back again. He said he would not dare to do that, or I would die. He said it always came back.

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When it returned, they washed my head again. I did not know what was going on. It was as if I had slept. When I awakened, I was all "prepared": dressed *de creola* with a *saia grande* and a *torso* on my head. Everything red. *Sandalias* too. Everything the same color.

When this happened I was still small. The *pae de santo* said that I was under a spell [*era encanto*]. He "did the work" once more, and I was all right again. But when I was seven years old, it took hold of me once more. My mother was afraid and begged the *pae de santo* to do something about it. She pleaded so earnestly that finally he said he would speak with the enchantment [*encanto*] so that it would not come down any more.

It didn't come back until I was fifteen years old. Then they arranged another dress *de creola*, and also handkerchiefs, strings of beads, bracelets, and *sandalias*. They ordered plates, small glasses, and *quartinhas* bought. When all this was ready, the *pae de santo* washed my head in sacred water. He said it was the "owner of my head" [*dono da minha cabeça*] who had done that to me. There in Cachoeira, across the river from São Felix,[44] is the *casa de Gêge*.[45] The *pae de santo* is the grandson of an African.

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[40] That is, she was removed from the reed mat which, placed directly upon the floor of a hut, is extensively used among the poorer families for sleeping purposes.

[41] That is, he set up certain means of divination.

[42] Water pots made of red clay.

[43] That is, he submitted it to the proper ritual.

[44] Cachoeira and São Felix are twin cities, separated by the Paraguassú River, located across the Bay to the north of the city of Bahia.

[45] The *candomblé* of the Gêge cult in which she had now been inducted.

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When I was sixteen years old I went across the river to live in São Felix. There was a man there who was crazy. We asked what was the matter with him, and they said that he had seven Exú's[47] in his body. They had given him a cigar and when he began to smoke, he became wild. He was nearly insane. He did not want to hear the word of God. When they talked of going to Mass, he wanted to run away. They took him and tied him up. He stayed this way two whole weeks. Once in a while his relatives came to see him. Finally, they decided to take him to a *candomblé*. They untied him and he went. For a long time he remained there and kept on acting the same way. Then the head of the *candomblé* took a hand in the matter. He ordered them to get black cloth, candles, *azeite de dendê*, incense, and several other things which he needed. After he had finished, he gave the man a bath to clean him up. When twelve o'clock came, he stretched him out in the middle of the floor. And there he lay all sprawled out. We saw a black Negro with red lips sitting on his knee. He was about this high [indicating approximately two and one-half feet], and as black as coal. His lips were as red as the lid of that can [indicating a *malle* container with bright red cover]. He had large ears that stuck out like this [indicating about a twelve-inch spread]. He was horrible. His horns were this long [indicating about six inches]. And his tail, about a meter. His eyes were big, like this [indicating an oval three inches in diameter]. They were the size of "three children."[48] His tongue looked like a snake's; it was really four separate tongues. And he was sitting there on the man's knee. We were all afraid. We wanted to run; but we dared not. He didn't stay long. Only about ten minutes. He left the man's knee and disappeared into the body of the man who had bought and brought the "things." The *pae de santo* filled up a basin, and Exú took himself away. We did not see him disappear. Ten minutes later the man got up, feeling better. He had been sitting there crying hard. They shaved off his hair, washed his head and painted it with a pencil, white, blue, pink, and lavender. Then they

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[47] Exú (pronounced "Ã-shu") is an African deity who is often, although not always, thought of as possessing an evil nature. See chap. x.

[48] This expression was explained in the following manner: "A person looking into an ordinary eye sees the image of one child; in Exú's eyes the image was three times as big."

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put many beads of O Senhor do Bomfim on him, and a *figa;* they covered him with ornaments.

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The *figa* is to free one from the evil eye. For example: I have a dress. You think it is pretty, and you want it very much; something then happens to it. Or a *sabiá*[49] sings beautifully. You are visiting its owner; you want it, you want it very badly. You leave, and it dies or something else happens to it because you cannot have it. This is the evil eye. One needs to "pray it away" with *Guiné, Arruda,* or *Vassourinha Doce.* An oxhorn in the garden will keep it away from plants.

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Then the man went around with hands folded, "taking the blessing" from everyone there. Seven children went out with lighted candles. Then he got up entirely well. Today he has a *casa de candomblé.* He is now very old. His *orixá* is Ogum de Gêge. The *pae de santo* who treated him is of Ogum de Mina.

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My guardian angel [*anjo de guarda*] is Xangô. Ogum is a soldier, Xangô is of the thunder and also of the lightning. He is Santa Barbara of the Irmandade. All the *orixás* are equal. But Oxalá directs everything. Nanan is his wife. In the Gêge language she is called Odé.

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My sister, she died, burned up. She caught all on fire. He who killed her is Oxóssi; it was he who killed her. My sister is buried in the Quinta dos Lazaros.[50] She burned to death because she disobeyed him. He sent a message and she paid no attention to it. Her husband had a *saveiro.*[51] Every trip which he made she went along in the boat. She had no children. Everywhere he went, she went too. When, one time, the *orixá* "arrived" and told her that she should not travel on the water, she didn't take his words very seriously; she laughed the matter off, "gave it a *muxóxó.*" But about a week afterward, she went with her husband in a *saveiro* across the Bay to Bahia. Between Itaparica and Salinas the *saveiro* caught afire. It had powder on it and the powder exploded. Parts of the *saveiro* were ripped off and hurled into the water. She was surrounded by fire. When they finally reached her, she was badly burned. They brought her to the Santa Isabel Hospital,

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[49] A Brazilian bird which can be trained to sing tunes.

[50] A Bahian cemetery.

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[51] A sturdy sailboat used on Todos os Santos Bay and its contributory rivers to transport light articles of commerce.

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and the next day she died. But before she died, he "arrived" and said it was he who had set fire to the *saveiro*. It was Oxóssi. Her husband also died. When one doesn't carry out his obligations [*cumpre com os seus deveres*], the *orixá* takes his life.

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Once I had a party at my house for some friends. But Xangô sent me a message that I should go to the *candomblé*. I said that I was not going because I was having a party. A little while later, while I was dancing with my friends, I suddenly got a stiffness in my legs. But I didn't pay much attention to it. Then I suddenly felt an "opening of the body" [*aperto no corpo*],[53] and I didn't know anything more. When I came to, I was dancing in the *candomblé*. When the *candomblé* was over, I went running clear to the top of Boeiros do Inferno ["Funnels of Hell"] without knowing anything about what I was doing. These are two hills called by that name because they are so high. I didn't feel anything. Afterward, Xangô beat me on the hands, and my hands swelled. When he "arrived" again, he said that I should pay more attention to him, or he would beat me some more. Once he struck me. On that day I was very tired, but I went to the *candomblé* and danced anyway.

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I dance when there is a big ceremony; I dance for hours at a time without getting tired. The spell seizes me, and sometimes I dance more than three days without feeling the least bit tired. When the *orixá* "arrives in my head," I spend a week or more "sleeping."[54] I don't feel anything. I don't see anything. People talk to me, but I don't know anything about what is going on.

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If one drinks water, the *orixá* doesn't "arrive." For instance, one feels cold. That cold is in the body. The *orixá* wants "to arrive." Then one drinks water. He who is of the *preceito* does not drink water. And whoever drinks, breaks the *preceito*. It is prayed ten times.[55]

[53] A "trembling of the body," signifying that the *orixá* wished to enter and to "manifest himself" in human form. See chap. x.

[54] That is, moving about, but unconscious of what is happening.

[55] That is, by taking a drink of water, one can presumably prevent the deity from entering the body. One must at the same time pray ten words and tap the ground ten times. In this way, the *preceito* (i.e., the control of the deity over one) is broken.

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I stayed only seven days in the *casa*,[15] because my head was washed. Others spend three months there, lying down all the time. They lie awhile on one side, then on the other, and then face down. One takes a bath in water perfumed with sacred leaves. Every day. The bath is cold, very cold. You must change your clothes and the bed linen every day. It isn't in a real bed that one lies down. They put a mat on the floor, and you have only a pillow and a sheet. You can move, but only from one side to the other, never over on your back. During the time you are in the *camarinha*, you cannot see your relatives. You may see them only on the day you leave. But then you must go at four in the morning and return at four in the evening so that the dew will not fall on your head.

There may be others in the *camarinha*. Sometimes many others. All of them stay in the same room. They sleep with their heads together. If there are ten, there will be space for all ten. While they are in the *camarinha*, they do not attend ceremonies.

I did not go through all this because my head did not have to be shaved. I had my *orixá* from birth. When I came into this world, he already knew everything.[16] My *pae de santo* has "worked" with many people. Last week he was here in Fazenda Grande.

When my *orixá* took possession of me, I quit eating he-goat. Because of the taboo of the *orixá* one cannot eat certain things. During all my life I cannot eat he-goat, because of the taboo. Neither can I eat turtle. For he who is of Xangô does not eat either he-goat or turtle. He who is of Ogum must not eat sheep's meat. Some *filhas* must not eat fruit; others must not eat fish *de couro*, only those fish which have scales. Crabs cannot be eaten by some, nor the leaf of Ogum. Water may be drunk, but only that which is drawn at 4:00 A.M., before the sun rises.

White maize must be eaten by some, depending on the *orixá*. For every *orixá* of every nation[17] has his own food. There is the food of Odé. There is that of Xangô, which is mutton.

[15] The period during which the candidate is initiated into her new function is spent within the sacred room, or *camarinha*, of the *candomblé* center.

[16] That is, he "knew" that she would be consecrated to him.

[17] That is, of each type of *candomblé*: Gêge-Nagô, Congo, Angolo, *de caboclo*.

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My *pae de santo* made an *ebó* for me last week. It is a *limpeza do corpo* ["cleansing of the body"]. I had an unclean body and dragged myself around, listless. I went to the "master" of the *candomblé* and he "opened the table" and looked to see if my body was unclean. He then asked me to bring toasted maize, a black cloth, popcorn, honey, and a candle. He passed them all over me,[48] and when he had finished, he took them and left them in a crossroads. Friday is the day for this.

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Now if a person puts a *bruxaria*[49] in your doorway, with a doll stuck through with pins, that is of the *feiticeiro* and it is different from a "cleansing of the body." My *pae de santo* does not make *feitiço*. He says that he does not care to do harm to people, because he has a soul for which he is responsible to God. But any *pae de santo* who wishes to bring harm upon someone can do so. For example, if I arrive in his *casa* and say that I want to do something to someone he asks me: "What do you want to do to her?" I say that when she comes to my door I want her to go blind. He will "make a business" and the next day she will come to my door and go blind. Or else I say that I want her to be wounded by a knife. He arranges it so that this happens.[50]

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"Opening the table" is a thing done with *buzios*. The *pae de santo* puts an *orixá* on top of the table, together with his little towel.[51] He takes up the *buzios* and sees if "the way is open." My *pae de santo* "opens the table" with beads.[52] He takes the beads and puts them alongside *palha* from the *pindoba*.[53] These beads come from the Coast.[54] His set cost 1:000$000.[55]

[48] That is, in front, to side, behind, above the head, etc.

[49] Any instrument of black magic.

[50] That is, she will be attacked in a lonely place by robbers, or accidentally stabbed. The action is always mediate.

[51] The table-covering which is placed over the *orixá* in the *pegi*, or sanctuary.

[52] Other means employed: a glass of water, a set of playing cards.

[53] Fronds from a variety of the coconut palm.

[54] That is, from the West Coast of Africa.

[55] One thousand milreis, or one conto, equivalent at that time to approximately $60.

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My sister is preparing *carurú*. She has twin boys. When God gives you twins, you are obliged to present *carurú* to Cosme and Damião. If you fail to do this, someone in the house will die that year.

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If one were now to set down an account of the personal experiences of an upper-class Bahian, it would reveal an entirely different mental world. In general content it would reflect a culture distinctly European. Dress, music, food and food habits, forms of religious expression, sacred specialists, means of exercising control over personal destiny, and the ideas, attitudes, sentiments, points of view, and philosophy of life associated with them would, in general, not vary from those commonly characteristic of individuals of European origin wherever found.

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This variation at Bahia in cultural identification between the Europeans, on the one hand, and the *Africanos*, on the other—this difference in ideas, attitudes, and sentiments—obviously erects serious barriers to intercommunication and consequently retards the development of a body of common understandings upon which the moral solidarity of any society is built. Although most of the Bahian blacks have now to a considerable extent sloughed off their former cultural identity with Africa and have been more or less completely incorporated into the European world, a remnant of *Africanos* still live, in spite of contiguity in space with the Europeans, to a considerable extent culturally apart.

As will be evident in greater detail in the following chapter, the Europeans tend to look upon the beliefs and the practices of the *Africanos* as matters for ridicule, scorn, disparagement, and condemnation. They are thought of as queer, bizarre, unintelligible, inferior forms of behavior.

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forcefully to her head, one in front and one in back, as if in great pain. Knees then gave way and shoulders and back muscles began to vibrate violently. In one case, the spine stiffened and, with the exception of the shoulder muscles which continued a rapid quivering, the entire body became rigid, with arms and legs stretched out at full length. Meanwhile, the *filha* whimpered, cried, or shrieked aloud.

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To reach the *seita* of a well-known *mãe de santo*, one takes a Calçada car out of the city, past orange groves and fields of tall forage grass, to the Matadouro, where he alights and begins to climb a steep winding road lined with the *nativo* plant (said to be native to Africa) and *uricuri* and coconut palms, until, after more than a mile of trudging, he comes out onto a high ridge overlooking a green valley, where he can see, far in the distance, the houses of the city. A cool breeze blows in from the sea and tempers the heat of the tropical sun. In a grove of scattered palm trees nestle several houses, some of which are neatly whitewashed and others tinted pink, yellow, or blue.

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The *mãe de santo* is called Anninha. She is a tall regal-appearing black, whose slightest gesture is immediately obeyed by members of her *seita*. She owns considerable property and is said to be otherwise quite well to do. She boasts, proudly, "Sou filha de dois Africanos, graças a Deus" ("I am the daughter of two Africans, thank God"). Queito she learned to speak, she says, from her parents; Nagô she acquired "in the *seita*." She is illiterate, but of her learning in the ritual and belief of the African cult an *ogan* says, with pride, "She knows African things better than anyone I know in Bahia." Intelligent, quick-witted, agile in debate, she is one of the most widely respected and revered leaders of the Afro-Brazilian world.

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revered leaders of the Afro-Brazilian world. When a priest argued with her that, since she had not been ordained by the pope, she had no "spiritual authority" to carry on religious rites, she quickly inquired if Moses, "that great prophet and leader of his people, was ordained by the pope?" The first man, she maintains, must not have been a white man but instead a colored man; "if not black, at least red. For do the scholars not say that man originated in Asia, and do white men ever come out of that continent?" Jesus also must have been an African, or at least a person quite dark. "For did not his parents once hide him in Egypt? And is not Egypt in Africa? If Jesus was not dark, how could they have hidden him among the people of Africa?"

This *mãe de santo* was "made" over fifty years ago in the *candomblé* of Engenho Velho. "My *seita* is pure Nagô, like Engenho Velho," she boasts. "But I have revived much of the African tradition which even Engenho Velho has forgotten. Do they have a ceremony for the twelve ministers of Xangô?" No! But I have." She is planning to rebuild her *barracão*, or sacred dance pavilion, to be paid for by tithes levied on the incomes of members of her *seita*. She owns a small store in the Terreiro where she sells the various articles used in the cult ritual and, since the members of the fetish world know that these articles must be, if she sells

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" According to a well known Bahian *babalaô*, Xangô was a great African chief whose cruelties the people sought to do away with by setting fire one night to his dwelling. Everyone in it burned except Xangô, who walked unscathed through the flames. Astounded, the people prostrated themselves before him and begged his forgiveness. Xangô became a powerful king and subjected many neighboring tribes, twelve of whose chiefs subsequently became his royal advisers, or ministers. Even before his death, which occurred at an advanced age, Xangô was being worshiped. Cf. Martiniano do Bomfim, "Os ministros de Xangô," *Estado da Bahia*, May 5, 1937.

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them, legitimate, the store does a thriving business. She says:

> The *Africano* doesn't worship things made with human hands. He worships nature. What is the *pedra* [the fetish stone]? Is it not a mineral? No human hands have made it.
>
> We are just as Christian as the Catholics. Only we follow the law of Moses. He commanded that sacrifices be made of sheep, goats, oxen, chickens, pigeons, and so forth. Is it not so? We merely obey his commandments.
>
> There are two parts to the Bible, are there not? The Old Testament and the New. We follow the Old as well as the New. In the days before Christ, the people worshiped God with singing and dancing. Is it not so? David played his harp and sang psalms and danced before the Lord. We have our songs, too, and each has a special meaning. Just as the Catholics have something to remind them of their saints, so we have something to remind us of our *orixás*. But we do not worship images made with human hands like they do. We worship nature.

One of the assistants of the *mãe de santo*, an elderly Negro woman who "takes care of" the *terreiro*, is said to be over ninety years of age, is known by an African name, Bádá, and speaks Nagô as well as, or better than, she speaks Portuguese. No one in the fetish world at Bahia is said "to give her the blessing," because she is the "oldest" (that is, the longest "made" or "confirmed") in the city. She laments "the old days" before the Africans in Bahia all died.

A Negro man of seventy-seven years of age, Martiniano, one of two *babalaôs* in Bahia, known and thoroughly respected throughout the fetish world for his piety and sincerity and his knowledge of African customs and traditions, is, upon entering the connecting-room to the *pegi*, saluted by a rapid beat of muffled drums. He bows to the drummers, acknowledging their greeting, steps into the *pegi*, bows low before the altar, touches the ground with the tips of his fingers, and repeats a prayer in Nagô. So learned is he "in

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[302] Three of the dancers are *yaôs*, in process of being "made." Their heads have been shaved clean, and white spots and
[301] blue lines have been painted upon them. On their cheeks are white spots and white lines. Around the neck, or over the right shoulder and under the left arm, are long chains of large cowries imported from the West Coast.

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776 In a special building with a cement floor is "the throne room of Xangô." At one side is an altar to him, which is lavishly decorated with candles and flowers, both fresh and artificial. Indicating the fusion of Catholic and fetish elements, one notes on the lower step an image of Santo Antonio, on the second, one of Nossa Senhora das Candeias, on the third, an image of the twins, Cosme and Damião, and, on the top level, one of São Jeronimo. The *mãe de santo* says that Santo Antonio is "just another name" for Ogun; as similarly is Nossa Senhora das Candeias, for the water deity, Oxun; Cósme and Damião, for Beji; and São Jeronimo, for Xangô.

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[352] On the other side of the room is "the throne of Xangô," a wooden chair, intricately carved, with a pillow for a headrest. Suspended on the walls are pictures of several Catholic saints.

[353] In the center of an adjoining room is "the spring of the *mãe d'agua*," a huge basin built of cement and containing ten to twelve inches of water. On the wall is the Nagô inscription, "Ilé Awon Afonjá" ("House of Xangô").

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• 159 The leader of another *seita* is a male black, known as Pae Procopio, sixty-six years of age, of Gêge descent, whose father, grandfather, and great-grandfather, he proudly boasts, were all Africans and *paes de santo*. His mother's sister was also "an *Africano*," but his mother was a Brazilian-born black, a *mãe de santo* who "deixou o cargo" (i.e., left the

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office of priest) to him. He is dedicated to the same *orixá*, Ogun, as was she, and speaks, he claims, "a little of six different African languages: Nagô, Gêge, Ige-chá, Queito, Egba, and Musurumi." He owns "a roomful" of ceremonial costumes, one of which is said to have cost six contos (approximately $360). He considers his task to be that of "doing good" and refuses to deal in black magic, an attitude which has cost him, it is said, "much money."[13] He is godfather to approximately a hundred and fifteen children and is soon to be godfather to nine others who are on the point of receiving the baptismal ceremony. He visits about the Reconcavo, particularly in Cachoeira, exercising his office of *pae de santo*, and is said to have paid similar visits to Rio de Janeiro, Pernambuco, Maranhão, and Pará, in each of which he has "made" several *filhas* and "confirmed" *ogans*.

The *achôgun*, or sacrificer, is an elderly black with a kindly face and snow-white hair. The leader of the drummers, or the *alabê*, a jolly black whose mother (now deceased) was a *mãe de santo* in Cidade de Palha, is very expert with the drums, speaks Nagô, and sings in a high-pitched but rather pleasant voice the African *cantigas*, or ritualistic songs. An *ogan* says of him, proudly, "He knows almost as much about African things as a *pae de santo*."

An elderly Negro woman, who walks haltingly with a cane, attends every ceremony. Younger friends carefully help her to a seat where she can see everything that goes on. Leaning forward on her cane, her intelligent eyes wide open, her face continually breaking into beaming smiles, she joins

[13] An *ogan* of this *seita* says that a *pae de santo* in Itapoan named Gregorio (now deceased) once declined twelve contos (approximately $720) "to make a man mad." This *ogan* knows, however, a *mãe de santo* who, as he says, became angered at the remarks of a young skeptic and "made a *negocio*" (literally a "business"; i.e., black magic) which "drove him mad in two days."

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often been heard, on the lips of older members of, particularly, Protestant churches in the United States, "These young people today are not like we used to be. It's a shame the way they stray away."

João is a young black about twenty years of age who has just completed a business course subsequent to graduation from the Ginasio da Bahia, the city's state-supported secondary school. One day, in the home of his uncle, who is a prominent figure in the fetish world, João was copying a page in Nagô. Possessed of a deep affection for his uncle and being characteristically obliging and courteous, he was attempting to learn a few words of this African language. But the impression João made on a visitor was that his efforts with Nagô arose rather from a desire to please his uncle than from any genuine interest in the language itself. João remarked, apologetically, "You know I would like to learn it, but I just don't have time when I'm working every day."

A young mulatto girl who had completed two years at a secondary school remarked, "I don't care much for the *candomblé*, except to watch the dances and to see the [ceremonial] costumes. I seldom go, and then only for some special reason. I like the movies better, especially the North American and the English films." She further remarked:

> My uncle doesn't believe in this business of the *orixás*. One day his daughter—my cousin—said that she felt an *orixá* about to "arrive." She ran all the way to a *candomblé*, began to dance, and, sure enough, "she fell into the *estado de santo*." But my uncle wouldn't stand for it. He got a sprig of *urtiga* and whipped her and then went and whipped the *pae de santo* too. The next day, my cousin couldn't bear anyone's hand on her, she was so sore. But that was the end of the *orixá*. He never came back.

José is a young mixed-blood, twenty-two years of age, employed as a janitor in one of Bahia's public buildings. Although he knows of three *seitas* near his home—one each

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in Pau Miuda, Cidade da Palha, and Cruz do Cosme—he has no interest in them. However, he has a consuming interest in the cinema, keeps an elaborate scrapbook which now contains over a hundred and fifty individual photographs of actors and actresses, and can glibly name nearly all the films in which each has played during the last three or four years."

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The following account by a young mulatto student of secondary-school age who has developed a somewhat skeptical attitude toward the *candomblé* in spite of his father's being a prominent *ogan* in one of the *seitas* who occasionally, when the elderly *achôgun* is ill, officiates at the sacrificial ritual, illustrates the difficulty which *candomblé* leaders now experience in enforcing the sanctions of the cult:

> Pedro [a young *ogan*] didn't show proper respect for my father when he suggested that there ought to be some repairs made at the *terreiro*. Pedro said it had been that way when he was "confirmed" and that it was all right now. He used "você" in speaking to my father, although he is much "younger." And he said my father lied. When I heard about this, I hunted up Pedro and told him that he hadn't treated my father right, and when he talked nonsense I hit him. Pae Procopio then hunted me up. I told him that I didn't believe in anything he did, that I wasn't afraid of any sorcery he might make, that Pedro had ill-treated my father, and that I wanted nothing to do with him and with all his accursed *candomblé*.

" For instance, José named five films in which Patricia Ellis had played. His favorite actress is Shirley Temple, after which come, in order, Lilian Harvey, Joe E. Brown, Maurice Chevalier, and Laurel and Hardy. In addition, he likes Raul Roulien, Dolores del Rio, James Cagney, Lyle Talbot, Kay Francis, Dick Powell, Eddie Cantor, Clara Bow, Jeanette MacDonald, George O'Brien, Fred Astaire, John Boles, George Brent, Richard Talmage, José Mojica, Jan Kiepura, Adolphe Menjou, Pat O'Brien, Chester Morris, Buster Crabbe, Charlie Chaplin, Lee Tracy, Gary Cooper, Ramon Navarro, George Bancroft, Johnny Mack Brown, Alice Faye, Olivia de Havilland, and Ken Maynard. José does not care for Buck Jones, although many of his friends do. Neither does he like Lionel Barrymore, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Richard Arlen, Ronald Colman, or Gordon Westcott. Paul Muni, he says, is "only fair."

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APPENDIX A

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF A COLORED CITIZEN

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The following autobiographical sketch was written by a man who is one of Bahia's leading colored citizens, a very dark mulatto referred to in Bahia as a *preto* or, literally, a "black":

I was born of modest parents. My father was a white man, an educated gentleman from a family of agriculturists, or "Senhores de Engenho," in the Reconcavo near Santo Amaro. My mother was a black woman, a person of notable beauty among her race. Domingas was her name.

Until I was ten years of age, I lived in Santo Amaro and its vicinity, at that time the richest area of sugar-cane cultivation in the state of Bahia. In 1865, when I was ten years old—for I was born on January 7, 1855—my father took me to Rio de Janeiro, where I finished my elementary education and prepared myself for secondary schooling in the Collegio de São Salvador, which was at that time under the direction of Monsenhor José Joaquim da Fonseca Lima, an illustrious priest, later *reitor* of the Collegio Dom Pedro II, the foremost secondary school in Brazil.

I owe what I know of the Humanities to my dear Masters at the Collegio de São Salvador, whom I later joined as teacher when, in 1871, at seventeen years of age, I entered the Escola Politecnica (then Escola Central) to take a course in Civil Engineering. I had among my teachers in the Escola Central the most eminent intellectual and scientific men of that time in Brazil, including Manoel da Cunha Galvão, Americo Monteiro de Barros, João Eugenia de Lossie e Seylbits, Carneiro, Saldanha da Gama, Villa Nova Machado, André Rebouças, Joaquim Murtinho, Visconde do Rio Branco, Borgia Castro, Sousa Pitanga, and Holanda Cavalcanti, all of whom were men of great

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• 159 importance in the field of science and some of whom were prominent in national politics.

In 1876, at twenty-one years of age, I finished my studies at the Escola Politecnica. While a student I had collaborated at the Museu Nacional (directed by Ladislau Netto, an illustrious botanist) with Orville Derby, Lacerda e Almeida, Pirarro, Rodrigues Peixoto, and Schwacke, in the scientific discussions held there and constantly attended by Emperor Dom Pedro II.

I then dedicated myself to the task of teaching in the principal *collegios* of Rio de Janeiro where I had pupils who today in the highest offices of the Brazilian government honor me with their learning and ability.

In 1878 I began my career as an engineer by serving as a member of the Comissão Hidraulica, organized at the instance of the government of Conselheiro Sinimbu for the study of ports and inland navigation and directed by the famed American engineer, Mr. W. Milnor Roberts, especially engaged for this purpose. The Commission was a large body, composed of chosen men destined to direct the future work of this nature in our country. I was invited to join the group by Senator Veriato de Medeiros. I positively did not solicit the position. The invitation was entirely spontaneous, a fact which made me feel somewhat flattered.

159 * 563 I will touch here upon an incident which occurred at that time because it makes plain one of the few cases of race prejudice which are now very rare in our country. The Commission on a certain day presented itself to the Minister to hear him explain the point of view of the government in creating the Commission. I was present, as were all of my colleagues. On the following day the *Diario Official* published a report in which all the engineers were presumably mentioned. However, my name, for some reason of which I was then ignorant, did not appear with the others. I was apparently omitted from a Commission which I had been invited to join. The omission was due, I later discovered, to the fact that I was the only *homen de côr* in that brilliant group and, to the mind of the official involved, this appeared very shocking (*chocante*); especially since I was to be working with American technicians who, it was said, did not appreciate the company of colored men. Hence I was excluded, and experienced for the first time the sting of prejudice. But to Senator Veriato de

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Medeiros, whom I sought out that night to thank for his spontaneous gesture of invitation, my elimination was not official, and he immediately took the necessary steps so that on the following day everything was straightened out. I owe to the fine courtesy of this illustrious Senator the manner in which the incident was handled, although I did not find this out until much later through a mutual friend.

Meanwhile, the charge of prejudice, which the official had sought to bring against the Americans, completely disappeared, and I had the honor of winning their friendship and esteem. This proved with the passing of the years to be very beneficial and served me well in the profession which I adopted. After two years spent studying the ports of Santos and Maceió, and investigating the navigability of the São Francisco River, we all returned to Rio de Janeiro. Mr. Roberts, our illustrious chief, on presenting his report to the Minister, thought it proper to name me among his assistants, all of whom were distinguished men, and to present, in a special chapter, a description of the work with which I had been especially charged, calling it to the attention of the Minister under the title, "The Report of Snr. Calogeras."[1] The fact was that, in addition to the routine work with which we were each charged on the Commission, I was detailed by Mr. Roberts to explore the territory between the São Francisco River and the Atlantic coast across the Chapada Diamantina, and to collect geographic and geological data, together with information on the productive capacity, population, and commerce of the region. These data were later brought together in a book and published under the title, *O Rio São Francisco e a Chapada Diamantina*.

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From my American colleagues on the Commission I received such proof of consideration and esteem that it captivated me. Rudolf Wiezer, Roberts' assistant who had accompanied him from the United States, in writing to a friend about me, used these words of extreme flattery: ". . . . the best Brazilian engineer on Roberts' staff." Orville Derby, the eminent geologist, who in his time was considered the greatest authority in the science of geology, took me for his collaborator in the work with which we were later intrusted by the governor of the state of São Paulo.

[1] The name is, of course, fictitious.

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In 1882, the Roberts' Commission having been disbanded, I helped extend the rail line from Bahia to the São Francisco River, it being my job to draw up plans and specifications for the steel bridges of the railway.

In 1883 I was invited by Antonio Placido Peixoto de Amarante to be his First Engineer on the Comissão de Desobstrução do Rio de São Francisco, a project which we had studied together under the direction of Roberts three years before and which it had now fallen to his lot to execute as Chief Engineer. We removed the obstruction due to the celebrated Sobradinho Falls, the greatest obstacle to navigation in the upper part of the river, and shipping was soon established between the city of Joazeiro and the Falls of Pirapora, where the navigable section of the river ends.

For a little more than three years, or until 1886, I continued with this work. Orville Derby, who had been named head of the Geographic and Geological Commission of São Paulo, then invited me to be his First Engineer, charged especially with the geodetic survey.

The province of São Paulo was at that time governed by Senator João Alfredo Correa de Oliveira, an eminent man, who had always borne in mind the problem of communication with the interior and had just turned his attention to inland navigation and especially to the possibilities of connecting São Paulo with the faraway province of Matto Grosso. With this object in mind, we began the exploration of the Paranapanema, from its source in the Serra do Mar, in Itapetininga, to its junction with the Paraná River above Sete Quedas (Seven Falls). Studying the river from the point of view of its navigability, a labor which we carried out during the dry season of 1886, we found that more than two-thirds of its course was impracticable for navigation. This river failed to afford the solution for which we were searching. The Paranapanema is a great reservoir of hydroelectric energy rather than a passage between the Paraná-Paraguay and the Atlantic coast of southern Brazil.

On returning from these studies, which had also included an investigation of the geological character of the valley by the notable geologist, Francisco de Paula Oliveira, as well as an examination of those natural conditions bearing upon the productivity of the soil, and, in addition, ethnographic and ethnological studies of the Indians still dominating the woods and the plains of the Lower Paranapanema, we

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went to Campo Largo, setting up our camp near the iron foundry of Ipanema, a location which we had chosen by reason of its natural advantages to be our first base from which to survey the province of São Paulo.

We were proceeding with this measuring when a communication arrived from Colonel Mursa, director of the foundry, which surprised us greatly. His Majesty, the Emperor Dom Pedro II, the Colonel told us, had arrived there yesterday and had commanded the engineers of the Geographic and Geological Commission to present themselves before him without further delay and to bring with them their field notes and all data gathered during the exploration of the Paranapanema River, since His Majesty wished to see this information before its re-writing in the office. The order was urgent, and the Colonel advised us to go just as we were, in our field attire, since this was the wish of the Emperor.

All morning in Ipanema, Dom Pedro II examined our blueprints, measurements, notes, calculations, and drawings and inquired about the practical results of our work. He raised still other questions and objections on certain technical points, since he was a professional in this field. At luncheon he invited us all to join him at the same table, and I was given the honor of sitting in the chair at his right. During the luncheon we talked only of the studies carried out during our exploration, of the incidents of the trip, of the Indians, their customs and language. I state these details so that you may see how great was the interest of the Brazilian monarch in scientific studies, his vast erudition, his thirst for knowledge, his manifest desire for justice, and his utter lack of class or color prejudice. For Dom Pedro II was of all Brazilians most exempt from the prejudices of his time.

On taking leave of us, His Majesty desired that the studies of the Paranapanema River should be published as soon as possible.

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Our investigation of the valley of the Paranapanema, a region which in former times was under the dominion of the Tupís and Guaranís, afforded me an opportunity of studying more closely this indigenous element so important in the history of the Brazilian people and in the formation of their national character. I gathered valuable data to contribute to the body of information regarding this race and the *lingua geral* which for nearly three centuries was the language spoken in this part of Brazil.

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•159 While working with the Geographic and Geological Commission, with which I remained for about four years, associated with such able and renowned colleagues as Orville Derby, Gonsaga do Campos, Francisco de Paula Oliveira, Washington de Aguiar, Alberto Loefgren, and other capable assistants, I had the opportunity of surveying nearly a third of the province, from Ipanema and Campo Largo along the ridge of the Serra do Mar, or the Paranapiacaba, and the peaks of the Mantigueira and their foothills from Santos and São Paulo inland as far as the banks of the Mogy-guassu River, which flows from the highlands of Minas Geraes. Owing to the time-consuming nature of this topographic work, we were not able to map completely such a large area. However, by 1890, we had made and published several geographical charts, when I left the Commission and accepted the invitation of the illustrious Dr. Vicente de Carvalho, then *Secretario de Estado dos Negocios do Interior*, to act as Sanitary Engineer for the city of São Paulo, and to carry out a sanitation project for which I, years before, at the instance of the provincial government following the proclamation of the Republic in 1889, had drawn up plans.

BB 159 B 668 567 [648] We were at that time in an era of social and political transformation, actually the greatest period of change through which the country has passed since independence. Following the war with Paraguay in 1870, Brazil had entered a notable epoch of reform and progress. This was especially evident during the ministry of Visconde do Rio Branco which brought us the law of civil marriage, the law of free birth, direct elections, as well as teaching reforms, and an extended development of the railway system of the country. Propaganda in favor of the emancipation of slaves was increasing. Those of sixty years and over were shortly freed by law, and, after a few more years of agitation, a most notable victory was achieved with the abolition of slavery without indemnification on the thirteenth of May, 1888. Eminent figures like Joaquim Nabuco, José do Patrocinio, and André Rebouças dominated the emancipation movement. The Emperor and the Princess Regent who signed the abolition decree, their ministers, João Alfredo Correa de Oliveira, and Antonio Ferreira Vianna, were the greatest figures in that glorious crusade which had gripped all Brazil.

B [643] The proclaiming of the Republic on November 15, 1889, a few months after the abolition of slavery, was facilitated by the illness of

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the emperor and by the fact that abolition had been decreed *without* indemnification. The republican propaganda, which had been active since the convention of Itú, gained its victory without great effort since, as it is only fair to remember, the tolerant spirit of the Emperor and the simplicity of his living had contributed greatly to the development of democratic ideas.

During this era of great transformation in which the intellectuals and the youth of Brazil threw themselves with enthusiasm, we were all swept by the reform wave. I would not have made the Republic just as it was made; but I accepted it as a logical result of its historical antecedents and the democratic atmosphere then dominant in America.

The province of São Paulo soon took the lead in the extensive reforms which the country was experiencing. Political administration, agricultural development, immigration, all were stimulated by the new regime. I collaborated in all this as a citizen and as a public servant in proportion to my ability. In 1896 I was Chief Engineer of Sanitation for the state of São Paulo, a service which I directed for some years. With General Jardim and Salles de Oliveira I served on the Commission which organized the Escola Politecnica of São Paulo during the governorship of Bernardino de Campos. With Antonio Pisa, Cezario Motta, Horacio de Carvalho, Conselheiro Manoel Antonio Duarte de Azevedo, and others, we founded the Instituto Historico e Geographico of São Paulo, and I directed the construction of the building which still houses it. During the celebration of the three hundredth anniversary of Padre José de Anchieta's birth, which, through the initiative of Eduardo Prado, one of our most illustrious journalists and authors, launched a literary movement, I collaborated in the famed "Conferencias Anchietanas," which were to mark an epoch in the literary life of Brazil. My liking for historical studies then led me into the examination of documents from the first years of Brazilian colonization and the publication of the results of such research as monographs or articles in magazines of a scientific character. In this way I made a modest contribution.

It was during this period that I gave my leisure time over to the study of our indigenous races. I wrote and published some observations concerning the language of the Cayuas of the Lower Paranapanema and some data on the Guayanas of São Paulo. I published

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●159 *O tupi na geographia nacional*, in which I indicated the extent to which this Indian language had influenced the place names of Brazil. I studied the Krahos of the Upper São Francisco and their linguistic connection with the Krans tribes of the valley of the Tocantins and the Araguaya.

Discontinuing, in 1903, my work with the Sanitation Service of São Paulo, I returned to Bahia the following year to make a study of the possibilities of, and to bid for, a sanitation system for the city of Bahia; and on May 19, 1905, I signed a contract to put in these improvements for the *municipio*. Four years later I had completed the portion relative to the water supply, but only a third part of the sewage system. The failure of funds then paralyzed the work, and it remained suspended for several years, until in 1929 the contract was renewed by common consent of the parties concerned. With the completion of this task, my professional activity ended. As a young man, while still a student in the *curso superior*, I had been a teacher, lecturing in Latin, English, Mathematics, History, and Philosophy; and as a civil engineer, I had now worked without interruption for forty-eight years. I was never unemployed, and I early attained the highest rank in my profession.

Among literary and scientific studies which I have published, I might note: [Here follows a list of nineteen books or articles published in Brazilian literary and scientific publications, followed by the statement: "Various articles and lectures published in the *Revistas* of the Instituto Historico e Geographico de São Paulo, the Instituto Geographico e Historico da Bahia, and the Instituto Historico e Geographico Brasileiro de Rio de Janeiro."]

I had the honor of being chosen by my fellow-citizens of Bahia as their representative in the federal *camara* to replace Dr. Octavio Mangabeira, who had been named minister of foreign relations in the government of President Washington Luis. Not having been a militant politician, I was surprised at this choice which honored me so greatly. I continued in this office until the end of the session in 1929.

From the scientific and literary institutions of the country I have received the following spontaneous proofs of their appreciation: I am a member *effectivo de honra* of the Instituto Historico e Geographico Brasileiro; an active member of the Instituto Historico of São Paulo; president of the Instituto Historico of Bahia; corresponding member of

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the Instituto Historico of Minas Geraes; corresponding member of the Instituto Archeologico e Geographico Pernambucano; corresponding member of the Instituto Historico of Rio Grande do Norte; corresponding member of the Instituto of Ceará; member of the Instituto Historico of Sergipe; member of the Clube de Engenharia of Rio de Janeiro; charter member of the Sociedade Capistrano de Abreu; active member of the Academia de Letras da Bahia; active member of the Instituto Politecnico da Bahia.

I here end these autobiographical notes which are, I realize, somewhat deficient, since at my age [eight-one years] memory cannot be very faithful, and I fear it has failed me many times. These lapses of memory, however, have led me rather to understate than to exaggerate the honors which have been paid my modest talents and achievements.